The Fly;

OR,

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

BY SIMON SCRIBBLE & CO.

" *Come ye whom* SCIENCE *chose to guide*
" *Her unpolluted stream along;*
" *Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,*
" *And to its taste allure the* YOUNG."

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Original.

For THE FLY.

THE SCRIBBLER—*No.* 1.

BY DAVID DILLIGENT, JUN.

——" *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non his utere mecum."

——" If better precepts you can lend,
Freely impart: if not, to theſe attend."

ANIMATED by a deſire of gaining literary fame, a *youthful Scribbler* now ſubmits himſelf and his compoſition to a judicious public, whoſe liberality, he doubts not, will be extended towards him, when they reflect that a *youth* reſts *ſolely* on their mercy. I am not, as ſome are, ſo confident of my own ſuperiority, as to ſuppoſe I can write better than any other of my age and ſtanding in life; or to think my abilities ſuperior to thoſe of any of my acquaintance; nor yet am I ſo *ſuperabundantly modeſt* as to fear to *write*, leſt I ſhould *write* badly; or to *think*, leſt I ſhould *think* badly. But while I am fully ſenſible of all my defects, I am confident that the advantages I have enjoyed, united to the abilities, with which heaven has endued me, are ſufficient to enable me to write with *ſome* degree of correctneſs, and to *entertain* a little, if it is out of my power to *inſtruct*. From a youth, like myſelf, elegance of ſtyle cannot be expected; but if my eſſays are written gramatically I ſhall feel perfectly ſatisfied.

On the appearance of a ſtranger in any place of public or private amuſement, the eyes of all are turned towards him; and every one begins to form ſome idea of his character. One conſiders him as not ſufficiently attentive to the rigid rules of politeneſs and ſtrict decorum, and another thinks he is too formal and particular, while he actually keeps a juſt medium between awkward embarraſsment and too great formality. The periodical writer, when he preſents his firſt eſſay to the public, is in a ſimilar ſituation: whatever he writes is diſapproved of, at leaſt, by *ſome* of his readers; at one time his eſſays are too moral and ſerious, at another too gay, light and fooliſh—Indeed it muſt be conſidered as an undoubted truth that it is impoſſible to gratify all, and " he, who attempts to pleaſe every one, will pleaſe no one," I am, therefore, determined to write with impartiality and as I really think, without any regard to popular opinion, and never to forget innocence and humility, to bow before the ſhrine of wealth. My intention, in writing a periodical eſſay, is to contribute, as far as it lies in my power, to the entertainment of my youthful friends and aſſociates; to endeavour, if poſſible, ſometimes to inſtruct them and to mingle amuſement with utility—In the preſent number, therefore, I ſhall make an attempt to point out the folly and fatal effects of ANGER.

The viciſſitudes of this life, to which we are ſubject, are aſtoniſhing and almoſt incredible, and the complicated ſcenes, into which human creatures are conſtantly plunging, produce different effects on different diſpoſitions—ANGER is one of the firſt paſſions, which characterizes the human breaſt, and, when once it gains the ſuperiority over reaſon, it leads to myriads of dangers without one particle of ſatisfaction, and operates moſt ſtrongly to the diſadvantage of its poſſeſſor. It muſt be allowed that ANGER clouds the ſeat of reaſon: and, when its noxious vapours are collected together, like the thundering elements, it burſts in horrid peals o'er the head, threatening deſtruction with its fiery dart.—Some will alledge that the many diſappointments, they meet with, cauſe them to be angry, others again will mention their *wounded honour*, their *ſullied reputation*—and others will plead the impulſe of the moment and the frenzy of their boſom—But are theſe excuſes? No—we muſt not ſhrink from the diſappointments of life but arm ourſelves with the ſhield of fortitude and combat againſt ills—if you loſe, be not angry, for by that you will gain nothing; nay, you will ſooner loſe more. Is a man in the frenzy of deſpair happy? Does he reap any real ſatisfaction? No. But ruſhes to his deſtruction—while, on the other hand, the man of fortitude ſtands like an aged oak to receive the blowing ſhock—When *honor* is tarniſhed does ANGER wipe off the ſtain? when the *reputation* is ſullied does ANGER retrieve the character? No. Treat your adverſary with the contempt he deſerves. The impulſe of the moment and the frenzy of the boſom indicate the weakneſs of the ſoul, we ought to command the moment; we ought to ſubdue the paſſions; paſſions, that promiſe remorſe and miſery, forever making us the object of hatred. Hence it is that you can derive no ſatisfaction from ANGER, and tho' *ſpirit* deſerves *praiſe*, yet the whirlwind of *paſſion* ought to be *condemned*—And thoſe, who wiſh to become good members of ſociety ought, while *young*, to ſeize the reins of their hitherto ungovernable tempers and to make them ſubject to the direction of PRUDENCE.

Communications, addreſſed to DAVID DILIGENT JUN. *and left with the Editors of the* FLY, *will receive prompt attention.*

FOR THE FLY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN my opinion, *acquiſition of Knowledge* is one of the moſt important points which ought to engage the attention of youth.

Riches, Honour and Pleaſure are the three principal idols of mankind; but, without learning, they will not eaſily be obtained, and, when obtained, they will not be enjoyed.

A man of learning need never be afraid of poverty, for if he does not poſſeſs wealth, he will have a competency of the good things of this life. But one, who is rich without learning, certainly cannot enjoy his wealth, which may prove a great injury to him and to the world.

Honour, in our happy country, cannot be obtained by an ignorant man: every perſon, who is advanced to a ſtation of honor and truſt, muſt poſſeſs, at leaſt, a moderate degree of learning. Our titles are not hereditary; our places of truſt are not filled by men of ignorance, merely becauſe they are the ſons of noblemen, but every man has an equal chance of being choſen into a ſtation of reſpectability.

A learned man can never be deſtitute of ſources of enjoyment; in the purſuance of knowledge he may feel the greateſt pleaſure. Thus *Riches*, *Honour* and *Pleaſure* are more eaſily obtained and better enjoyed by a learned man than by any other perſon.

YOUTH is the proper ſeaſon for the acquiſition of knowledge, and if we put off attention to ſtudy at this time, the cares and perplexities of life will prevent our being able to devote ourſelves to it at any future

period. It is of the greateſt importance then, my juvenile friends, that we ſhould pay dilligent attention to our ſtudies at this ſeaſon—from a conviction of this truth I am induced to hope you will receive, as intended, theſe reflections of

A YOUTH.

For THE FLY.

THE INTERROGATOR—*No.* 1.

WITHOUT the dull formality of an elaborate and needleſs preamble, I ſhall immediately inform my readers, that my deſign and motive, in preſenting "THE INTERROGATOR" as a candidate for inſertion in THE FLY is, to endeavor, as far as my abilities will admit me, to fill the place of "THE ENQUIRER," and to tread in his ſteps, as accurately as poſſible: it is my opinion that the readers of the "Juvenile Miſcellany" have loſt a fund of entertainment, as well as of inſtruction, by the diſcontinuance of that uſeful and intereſting eſſay—to have another, therefore, of the ſame nature and on a ſimilar plan, even though it may be inferior, may perhaps be *ſome* compenſation for their loſs.

In the proſecution of my plan the following queſtions are now offered for ſolution.

Qr. 1.—*Of what are the clouds compoſed?*

Qr. 2.—*What is* FLATTERY?

Letters, directed to "*The Interrogator*" and left with the Editors, will be duly attended to.

BIOGRAPHY.

Of the Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN, L.L.D---F.R.S. *formerly Governor of Maſſachuſetts.*

THE father of Gov. Bowdoin came into this country, a young man, a ſtranger, without friends and (by dilligence and exertions ſcarcely to be paralleled) from ſmall beginnings, eſtabliſhed himſelf in buſineſs; and, by a ſucceſsful ſeries of honorable commerce, became an eminent merchant and amaſſed a large fortune with an unſullied reputation.

GOVERNOR BOWDOIN was born in Boſton; Auguſt 7th, 1727. He gave early proofs of genius and was diſtinguiſhed, while a *youth*, for his ſteadineſs, ingenuity and good behaviour. The ſame character marked him through the progreſs of his education, from the ſchool to the completion of his ſtudies at the univerſity. A cloſe application to ſtudy, added to a lively and penetrating genius, diſtinguiſhed him as a young man of merit, when at college; where he was a ſtranger to the degrading ſallies of youth, common to moſt young men: while modeſty, politeneſs and philanthropy excited the moſt flattering expectations for his future eminence.

In the year 1747, two years after he had completed his ſtudies at the univerſity, he had the misfortune to loſe his father, whereby he came to the poſſeſſion of an ample fortune at the age of twenty two years; when he entered upon a courſe of ſtudy and relaxation, uniting the "*utile dulci*," to which he undeviatingly adhered.

His fellow-citizens did not long view with indifference his talents and qualifications; but, in the year 1753 elected him their repreſentative in the general court.—He continued in the Houſe of Repreſentatives, until the year 1756, when he was choſen into the council, where his learning, politeneſs and eloquence ſoon rendered him conſpicuous.

In the year 1775, a year the moſt critical and important to America, Mr. Bowdoin was choſen preſident of the council of Maſſachuſetts and continued in that office, the greater part of the time, until the adoption of the ſtate conſtitution in 1780.

In 1785 Mr. Bowdoin was choſen GOVERNOR of this commonwealth: in this office, his wiſdom, his firmneſs and inflexible integrity ſhone conſpicuouſly.—He came to the chair of government at the moſt unfortunate period after the revolution, when the people had nearly exhauſted the country of its ſpecie, while the heavy taxes of the war yet burdened them.

GOVERNOR BOWDOIN, was a learned and ſtudious man, and conſequently, felt a warm ſolicitude for the intereſts of literature, and conſtantly exerted himſelf to promote them. The univerſity of Cambridge, his *alma mater*, always experienced his ardent affection and generous ſupport. He ſubſcribed liberally for the reſtoration of its library, when it was conſumed by fire in 1764. He was choſen a fellow of the corporation in 1779; but the cares of government, which he ſuſtained, induced him in the year 1785 to reſign the office, which he never afterwards could be prevailed upon to reſume; to his laſt moments, however, he felt a regard for the college, and bequeathed it *Four hundred pounds* for the encouragement of polite literature. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences was an object of his warm and ſteady affection; he was its firſt preſident, and continued in that office until death: to this inſtitution he made a donation of his elegant library and one hundred pounds. The Humane Society of the commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts, which promiſes relief and additional ſecurity to the lives of unfortunate perſons, eſpecially ſeamen, was founded by this benevolent character.

Perhaps his literary abilities were leſs known in his own country than among foreigners: for he received the moſt flattering diſtinctions from learned ſocieties in England: yet by Americans his merit was not unnoticed. The celebrated univerſities of Cambridge and Philadelphia, each preſented him with a diploma, announcing him a Doctor of Laws. When noticing the virtues of this truly great man, we ſhould do injuſtice to his memory, if we did not mention his attachment to chriſtianity. Elevated as was his ſituation, he ſcrupled not to profeſs it in the moſt public manner. He expired at Boſton, on the ſixth of November 1790, after a ſickneſs, painful and diſtreſſing, which he bore with a philoſophical calmneſs and reſignation. He died adhering to the religion he profeſsed: it was his ſupport in his laſt moments: it animated his ſoul and his boſom ſwelled with rapturous ſenſations, when he looked forward to that time, when he ſhould change this world of ſorrow for the regions of celeſtial bliſs.—As a man, we muſt love him—as a Philoſopher and ſcholar, reſpect him—and, as a benevolent and chriſtian character, we muſt fondly wiſh to emulate his vritues.

THE SHRUBBERY.

A TALE.

Selected from an intereſting work called "The Moraliſt."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.

MELMOTH dropped the ſtone upon the ground, and, whilſt he turned aſide his head to hide a tear, ſecretly exclaimed, "What an amiable girl!"

Mr. Hartop ſtood ſilent all the while. He looked firſt at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to ſpeak—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this ſcene laſted I cannot tell; had it been in my power it ſhould have laſted forever; I would have fixed it on the canvas.

The converſation at breakfaſt became warm and intereſting; literature and muſic were the principal topics. Julia was not ſilent on either: ſhe diſcovered a delicacy and correctneſs of taſte which aſtoniſhed Melmoth.

"The ſtudy of muſic," ſaid he, "while it ſweetly ſooths the ſenſe of hearing, touches the ſoul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am perſuaded there never was a poet who had not a taſte for it; though I cannot go ſo far as a French writer who affirmed, that he who is inſenſible to its effects, has but half a ſoul."

"Shakeſpeare's celebrated aſſertion is not bolder," ſaid Mr. Hartop; "but I think I can confute you by a ſingle inſtance: Garrick and Johnſon had no taſte for muſic."

"The Italians," ſaid Julia, "are enthuſiaſts in the art; and the French ſeem to have imbibed their ſpirit. The fine nerves of J. J. Rouſſeau were trembling alive to its powers; and his extreme fondneſs for it, I have heard, appears almoſt in every page of his works. Indeed thoſe who have touched the ſprings of pity with the fineſt hand, have generally preſented the idea of muſic to the mind in their moſt affecting ſcenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonroſe his hautboy; Julia de Roubigne has her harpſichord; Maria de Moulins has her flute."

"I do not know a ſweeter poem in our language," returned Melmoth, "than the Minſtrel: it breathes a ſpirit of melancholy enthuſiaſm, which captivates the mind irreſiſtibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquiſite taſte, and the whole exhibits

his blood had been ſhed in ſupporting the laws; "two ſwart fellows riding that way, one of

ſome of the moſt romantic ſcenes in nature. The idea of his reclining at a diſtance from the village-dance, "ſoothed with ſoft notes warbling in the wind," is inexpreſſibly beautiful."

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of ſorrow met her eye, the tear of ſympathy was ready to ſtart. I have ſeen her ſet out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with ſuch a ſmile of ſweetneſs, and liſtening to every tale of family diſtreſs with ſuch a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the ſight.

I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occaſion for thoſe of any one under Heaven but herſelf. Though united to her by no cloſer bond then that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honeſt pride in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In the evening they ſailed on the lake, the ſurface of which was juſt ruffled enough to ſhow it was alive. A Cormorant was flying over it and fiſhing; and on the banks, which were ſteep and ſhagged with wild ſhrubs, hung a few goats.

Here and there a groteſque maſs of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little ſhining torrent falling from its brow; and often through the precipices appears a green lawn, emboſomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountain's ſide, and diſcover above them a broken line of crags that crowned the ſcene. All theſe objects were reflected on the blue ſurface of the lake: and no ſooner had the boat puſhed off from the ſhore then they ſtarted into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains paſſed by in ſilent ſucceſſion, and changed their figure at every turn. The rays of the ſetting ſun gave a glow to the landſcape, and Melmoth, drew an air of enchantment over it with the dulſet notes of his flute.

Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coaſted every iſland, and looked into every bay. Each ſtroke of the oar pointed out new beauties and inſpired new ideas. The ſpirit of pleaſure left not a ſecond of vacancy, and evening had overſhadowed them with her laſt and deepeſt ſhade before they landed.

When Melmoth retired to his chamber and reviewed the little incidents of the paſt day, the exquiſite ſenſibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book and penciled on a ſlip of paper the following lines;

THE BLACKBIRDS:

AN ELEGY.

SPRING had return'd and nature ſmil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, ſerene, and mild,
And notes of pleaſure ſwell'd the gale.

'Twas then a Blackbird and his mate
In a ſeringo built their neſt,
The patient hen aſſiduous ſat,
With trembling wings and heaving breaſt.

Two chirpers ſoon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love;
The pleaſing taſk the parents ſhare,
And range for food the bloſſom'd grove.

Returning thro' a ſhrubby mead,
The gentle pair, with anguiſh ſaw
Their little ones expiring bleed,
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
Deaf to the ſweet pathetic ſound
The plund'rer ſtill retain'd her prey.

"Whither, ah! whither ſhall we fly?
"Life has no value now," they ſung;
"We'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
"With wings ſtretch'd fondly o'er our young."

When he had finiſhed he thought ſomething was ſtill wanting;—he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the ſtring was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in deſpair.

In the morning when he took his leave, he preſented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it, with a ſmile, into her boſom. But the ſmile betray'd a ſecret ſhe wiſhed to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and ſympathy!—inſpirers of all the ſoft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevating in thought! ye alone can tell, ye, who can awake ſuch thrilling harmony from that ſweet inſtrument the human ſoul, what fine, what exquiſitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principle operates upon them.

It was not until three years after, when Melmoth returned from making a tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of reviſiting his friends. He had written to them ſeveral times on his travels, but had never received any anſwer, and he concluded that his letters had miſcarried. [*Continued.*]

SCRAPS.

THE title of "defender of the faith," was firſt uſed by Henry the Eighth. It was given by Pope Leo the Tenth, for having written a book againſt the celebrated Reformer Martin Luther. This very Prince, not long after, ſhook off the Popiſh yoke entirely, being incenſed againſt Clement the Seventh, ſucceſſor of Leo, for refuſing to ſanction his divorce from his Queen Catharine of Arragon. This wicked man was by this means made an inſtrument in the hand of Providence for laying the foundation of the Reformation.

THE Grecian Monarchy was founded by Alexander the Great, in the year of the world 3670, and 330 years before Chriſt. The founder of this monarchy was ſurnamed the great, on account of his undaunted ſpirit, and the ſucceſs of his arms. In twelve years he ſubdued all the nations from the Adriatic Sea to the River Ganges, in the Eaſt Indies, and founded the third univerſal monarchy. It is ſaid of him, that when he had ſubdued all the then known world, he wept, becauſe there were no more worlds to conquer.

BOSTON:
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1806.

WE doubt not that our patrons will excuſe our paſt neglect of this publication, (which attention to buſineſs has hitherto occaſioned,) when we aſſure them that it ſhall, *in future*, be our utmoſt endeavour and conſtant aim to make it worthy of their patronage.

As ſix months have now expired ſince the commencement of our undertaking, we intend, (in compliance with the repeated ſolicitations of our friends) after the preſent number, to publiſh the Fly WEEKLY—to devote our time and attention *particularly* to it, and to cauſe the papers to be *regularly* delivered to ſubſcribers in Boſton on the day of publication. But, as the attendant expenſe will then be *double* what it has hitherto been, the price will be *neceſſarily* augmented; and, inſtead of *one*, we muſt requeſt the *punctual* payment quarterly in advance, of TWO DOLLARS per annum. But, as, during the paſt ſix months, our little paper has appeared only once a fortnight, the price for the *firſt* year will be *One Dollar fifty cents*—one third of which has already been *pretty generally* paid—Fifty cents we requeſt our patrons to advance on the reception of the *next* number, and the remainder at the expiration of three months from the preſent time.

☞ The Fly will be ſent to ſubſcribers as uſual, unleſs they ſignify a deſire to have it diſcontinued.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON account of the late ſuſpenſion of the "*Inſpector General*," we have received a number of periodical eſſays ſince our laſt.—Thoſe we have inſerted, are not the leaſt worthy of notice.—The authors of the remainder will accept our thanks, though want of room obliges us to omit them.

Our correſpondents will excuſe our neglect of their favours, upon promiſe of future attention.

"*Oſcar*" is received, and under conſideration.

Laura's communication is too *puerile* even for the *Fly*.

The miſcellaneous queſtions ſigned *Julius* are too ſimple for inſertion.

Maria will pardon our not inſerting her '*Lines on the death of a favorite Cat*,' which may *amuſe* a *few*, but *diſguſt many*.

The "*Epitaphs in Nottingham church yard*" are void of ſenſe, aud deſtitute of entertainment.

Our *Newburyport* correſpondent is thanked for his favor, which we muſt, however, (for reaſons beſt known to ourſelves) decline inſerting.

"*Dulcirene*" was received after arrangements for the preſent number were made.

Want of room excludes many valuable communications.

POETRY.

"*The mind to* Virtue *is by* Verse *subdu'd,*
"*And the* true Poet *is a* Public Good."

For The Fly.

The following Poem was found among the manuſcripts of a deceaſed friend, and as appears from the date which it bore, was written when the author was very young: If it has no other merit, a neat and pleaſing ſimplicity, with which it is replete, cannot fail of recommending it to readers of taſte and ſenſibility.

ADDRESS TO CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! Fair Nymph divine!
This fond addreſs excuſe;
A grateful ſenſe of worth like thine,
Inſpires my infant muſe.

The firſt of virues—pitying love,
Thy bright inherent charm,
Can raiſe the drooping ſoul above
The reach of earthly harm.

Whene'er thou hear'ſt of one diſtreſs'd
Thy aid affords relief;
No matter how, by whom oppreſs'd,
So there be cauſe for grief.

One evening late, my penſive mind,
Which ſorrows oft pervade,
A picture of diſtreſs deſign'd
Which fancy thus diſplay'd:

"I ſaw the man, condemn'd by fate,
To labour for his bread,
Encount'ring with his tender mate
The ills they had to dread.

What he could earn, not long would laſt,
Though coarſe their cottage fare,
Their family increaſing faſt,
Increas'd their fear and care.

When the poor man his work has done;
And earn'd his daily bread,
With weary ſtepts, he trudges home
To reſt his aching head.

The wife prepares a little meat
And decks the ruſtic board,
With cheerful heart the children eat
Of what her hands afford.

But he, too full of anxious care,
No appetite retains,
His wife would gladly know and ſhare,
Or mitigate his pains.

Unuſual melancholy ſits,
Upon his wrinkled brow,
His mind is torn by various fits,
He never felt till now.

One moment he is raiſed above
The fear of mortal things,
The next depreſs'd with care—while love
But whets reflection's ſtings.

He ſees his wife and children want,
While he has naught to give;
His thoughts, foreboding phantoms haunt—
He feels he cannot live.

He goes to bed—but gets no reſt,
For pain his boſom tears;
His wife conſoles, and does her beſt
Invain, to ſooth his cares.

The children hear their mother's moans,
And throng around the bed;
"Bleſſings attend!" the good man groans,
And more he would have ſaid——

Around them all, the mother cries,
While they her anguiſh feel;
But when, alas! the poor man dies,
'Twould melt a heart of ſteel.

The mother ſhrieks with anguiſh wild,
And rings, with grief, her hands;
While each poor little trembling child
In mute amazement ſtands.

They little think their ſire is dead,
But beg of him to ſpeak;—
He anſwers not—they climb his bed
And kiſs his cold, pale cheek.

The mother ſees, with aching breaſt,
Her little children mourn!
With lifted hands, ſhe'd will them bleſs'd,
Or, that they'd ne'er been born.

Till with exceſſive grief o'ercome,
She, ſinking, faints away:
The children for the neighbours run—
Who come, without delay;

With ſpirits damp'd, to ſee and hear
Of ſorrow, ſo complete,
Lend what aſſiſtance they can ſpare,
And place her on her feet.

Her tender partner being dead,
Naught can aſſuage her grief;
She hears her children cry for bread,
Nor can afford relief.

To her appears the "pariſh-pay,"
In all its horrid forms;
A ſcanty pittance, day by day——
She dreads the threatening ſtorms.

The ſtorms of cruel, ſavage taunts
At her diſtreſs, ſhe fears;
When *Savages themſelves*, would grant
A truce to taunts and jeers.

The infant children ſorely grieve,
To mark her tears and ſighs;
Would with their little arts relieve,
And dry her ſtreaming eyes.

The moſt her huſband earn'd, at beſt,
Was fourteen pence a day!—
She will not be with half that bleſt
Upon the Pariſh-pay.

But, e'en ſuppoſe ſhe can maintain
Her infants ſome few years;
The boys and girls will grow amain,
And with them all her fears.

She fears to ſee each lovely boy
Apprentic'd out to brutes;
Her girls, the ſource of hop'd for joy,
Condemn'd to diſrepute.

But now the rumour of their woe
Has reach'd your tender ear,
Your kind aſſiſtance ſoon beſtow
And wipe the falling tear.

With ſending, you are not content;
But go yourſelf and ſee—
"From heaven," the mother cries, "you're ſent
"I'm ſure! who can you be?

"None, that are wholly of this world,
"On ſuch kind errands come;
"They're by misfortunes too much churl'd,
"To viſit ſuch a dome.

Before you go, you charge your tongue
With many a tender thing
Your cheering words, both old and young,
To cooler reaſon bring.

The grievous loſs they all ſuſtain,
With true regret they mourn;
But then you wiſh them to reſtrain
And temper their concern.

Tell them "you ne'er ſhall want a friend,
"While I have life and health;
"I'll kind aſſiſtance always ſend,
"Or bring it you myſelf.

With thankful hearts, and ſtreaming eyes,
They now their bleſſing give;
"May you be bleſt!" the mother cries,
"Forever while you live."

The ſcene, celeſtial Nymph, has chang'd,
Inſtead of ſighs and tears,
They, cheerful, round the cottage range
And bid adieu to fears."

O Charity! ſweet nymph divine!
Accept my grateful lay;
Daughter of heaven! fair charms like thine
Eclipſe the light of day!—

H. B. L.

The following paper was dropped from the Pocket of a Jew—a character well known upon Change.

JOURNAL for de WEEK.

Sunday.—No buſineſs to be done—de chriſtians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi—he never come—took a walk in St. George's fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—ſupped and ſmoked a pipe with Lord George Gorden—very ſenſible man.—

Monday.—At change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in de afternoon called in St. James-Street—not at home—very bad luck—thought to have touched ſometing dere—

Tueſday.—Went to de weſt end of de town—bought ſome old clothes—took in—gave a great price for de breeches, tinking I felt a guinea in de fob, left dere by miſtake—only done to cheat me—nothing in de world, but a counterfeit half penny—ſold dem again to Levi—took him in de ſame way—very good dat.

Wedneſday.—Went to St. James' Street again—de debbil is in de man—not at home—met Levi—he ſcolded me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—went to *Poff* at de auction—very well paid—engaged to *Poff* anoder in de evening—found out dere—obbliged to ſneak off—found a pair of candleſticks in my coat pocket—*dropt in by accſhident*—ſold dem to Mr. Poliſhplate de ſilver ſmith—did very well by dat.

Thurſday.—On change—met de jentleman with de white wig—wanted more monies—let him have it—very good ſecurities—like white wigs—carried my advertiſement to de news paper—ſigned L—pretty crooked letter dat—always ſure to bring cuſtomers—

Friday.—Found a watch in my coat pocket—*dropt in by accſhident*—made ſome money by dat—met my *good friend* Mr. Smaſh—not ſeen him ſince he was a bankrupt—arreſted him for de monies he owed me—went home and prepared for de Sabbath.

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